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Menzies, James

# Link by Link

By the  
Rev. James Menzies, M.D.  
North Henan



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# Link by Link

By the  
Rev. Jas. Menzies, M.D.  
Hwaiching, North Honan

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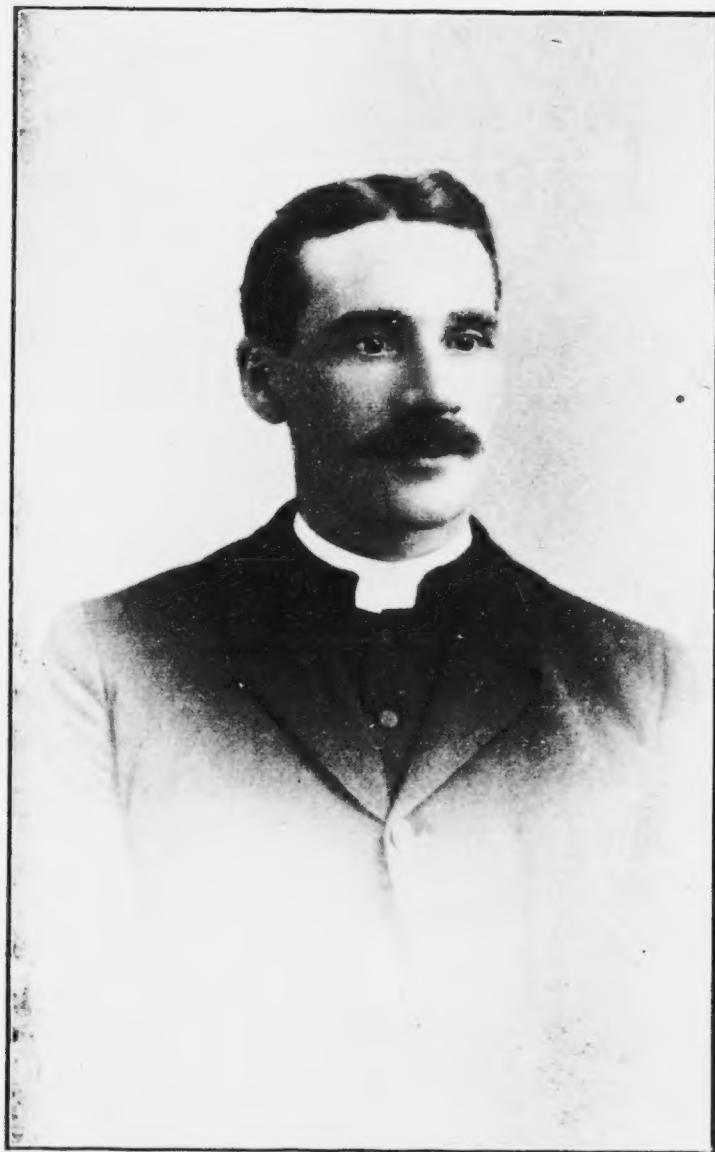
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REV. JAMES MENZIES, M.D.  
Honan

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## *L'Envoi*

*This booklet was originally a contribution to Bloor Street Presbyterian Congregation by Rev. James Menzies, M.D., its Missionary to Honan. It was edited by the Chairman of its Missionary Committee as an esteemed privilege and labor of love. A request has been made that a further edition be published by the F. M. B. of the church at large, and that request has been gladly acceded to.*

*The facts set forth in this little emissary are the "Acts of the Apostles" brought down to date from far distant Honan. There are "Transfigured Lives" there as well as here; there are "Twice-born Men" there as well as here; there are "Souls in Action" there as well as here. The universality of the divine influence is a cardinal doctrine. Before the day dawns the heavens are filled with flaming ministers of radiant light fulfilling God's purposes; and so before the day fully breaks on dark China with its giant possibilities, we see the flashing glories of God's truth illuminating these messengers who, like torches, are lighted not for themselves but for others. So this booklet goes forth to speak for China. It is only a little foot-note to the "Great Command," and of it only a humble but practical exposition—a testimony also to its closing words, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the ages." May the word it speaks not return void, but may it bring back to Honan and to ourselves a great and abundant fruition of good.*

*Our best wishes for the happiness and prosperity of this Missionary of the Church, his wife and helpers, go herewith, and may China's millions in this generation, not only hear, but know that Truth which saves to the uttermost.*

JOHN A. PATERSON.

Toronto, May, 1913.

"If I have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof, . . . then let mine arm fall from my shoulder blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone."—Job, 31: 17, 22.

"But as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall partake alike."—1 Sam. 30: 24.

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## Link by Link

Link by link, they are gathering in  
To the church of Christ, from the fields of sin,  
From the busy throng in the city street,  
From the dens where the lost and the fallen meet,  
From the ranks of the strong in the lust of life,  
From despairing ones beaten down in the strife.  
From the wayside ditch, from the grave's cold brink,  
One by one, they are gathered in Link by Link.

Links of what? Why, links in a chain, the Chain of Redemption. Many years ago I was engaged in logging in the winter time, and the chain I used gave me a great deal of trouble, for at the most critical times a link was apt to give way. Had a blacksmith been on hand he could soon have welded it together again, but we could not carry a blacksmith's forge about with us just for the sake of the chain. Those dead links were a great nuisance. When we counted on them most, they failed us, and after the chain was toggled together, there they hung, only a dead weight, always getting in the way, and very apt to drop off altogether and get lost.

However, I am not writing about the dead links (there are too many of them by far in all churches). But it is of living links I write, links that on the one hand are gripping the Eternal, and on the other a perishing brother.



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## The "Bloor Street Church" Hospital

Would you like to know the genesis of the hospital? Here it is. . . . Some years ago, Mrs. Stoneberg of Michigan, when dying of cancer, gave \$25 to be used in hospital work in Hwaiching, Honan. It wasn't very much, but it meant a good deal to the giver, and the Master accepted the gift and planted it, like the grain of mustard seed, in His own garden, where the seeds of His planting always grow. It has grown and become a tree, and already much fruit has appeared. Shall I tell you how it grew? The story of that gift from a dying friend was sent home to the good friends of Bloor St. Church, Toronto, and one gift after another was added, till the \$25 had become \$1,000, and with the thousand dollars a very comfortable chapel, dispensary and operating room were built, with separate wards for men and women.

Did you ever have to preach out-of-doors in the winter, and have to rub off the snow and ice from the logs and planks that served as seats (and it wouldn't all rub off), or conduct worship in the rainy season, with the rain pouring through the mat shed, while everyone stood, because it was too wet to sit? No? Then you can hardly understand just how nice it was to have our new chapel finished. And for dispensary and operating room; did you ever have to treat your patients and do operations as well, in your combined study and workshop, with tools and instruments fraternizing together and liable to get mixed, with the roof low and the temperature high, with only one door, that served as operating-table, the door-way



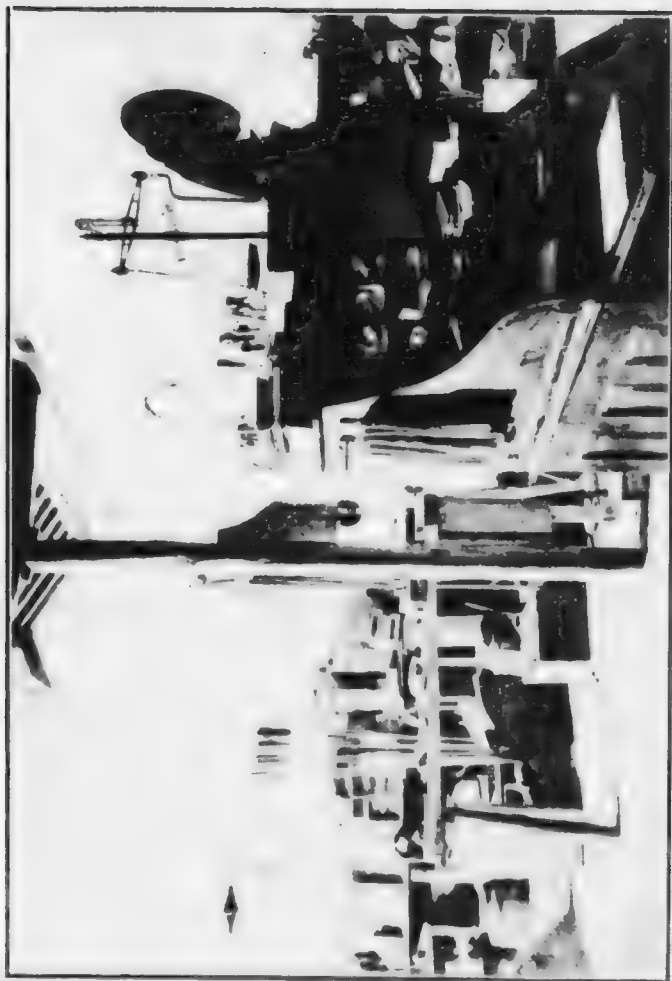


OUR FIRST TABERNACLE AT HWAICHING  
Where we held services for seven months

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serving both as entrance and exit, through which the patients climbed over one another to get treated and then climbed over one another to get home? No? Of course there are worse things than doors, as substitutes for operating tables, but as soon as our new dispensary was finished we left the old, with all its endearing associations, and moved into the new without a single sigh of regret. Some months after this a railway engineer from Australia, Mr. G. P. Ross, when on a visit here, was shown through the hospital, and after his return to his work he sent us a check for \$300, which was used in the erection of further wards for men. Mr. Ross was by no means a rich man, but the nature of the work appealed to him.

And so the tree has grown and will continue to grow, and is bearing fruit. Some of the fruit is good; some looks good, but is worm-eaten and drops off before it is ripe. But that is the way of all fruit trees, especially when the gardener is not up to his business, or becomes careless; the tree is not to be blamed for that. To me it has always seemed a necessary thing, if we would fairly represent the gospel of our Lord, that here in Hwaiching, with its countless towns and villages, and a population of anywhere between two and four millions, there should be at least one hospital where the sick and hopeless may find relief. While many come too late (and others are sick unto death and cannot be cured), it is no exaggeration to say that literally the blind receive their sight, the lame are made to walk, the deaf hear, many almost worse than lepers are cleansed, and all have the gospel preached unto them.



STUDY, WORKSHOP, DISPENSARY AND OPERATING  
ROOM COMBINED

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No one, however poor, is refused admittance; if he has neither home nor friends, a home and friends are his while he is in the hospital. The opium-smoker comes to be freed from his awful craving, the suicide's relatives hurry her here, and know that her life will almost certainly be saved. The hospital is in reality a Door of Hope to thousands of hopeless ones, but it is the only one. For hundreds of miles, there is not another hospital.



### **LI CHI CHING**

We were talking of fruit; here is a sample. One morning very early a call came from the city to attend a young man who had been set upon and badly handled. On reaching his home I found a young man apparently well to do, lying on a bed, his clothes covered with some white powder. Both his eyes had been gouged out with scissors, and to make the matter sure quicklime had been rubbed into them. This was the first time I met Li Chi Ching. We had him carried to the hospital, and attended to him as well as we could. After a time those terrible gashes healed, but his sight was gone forever. It was hard to have to tell him he would never see again. He, a young man enjoying life to the full, drunk with its pleasures, never to see again! He couldn't stand it, the very thought was maddening. He could not weep, for the tear ducts had been quite destroyed, and his tearless agony was hard to see. After a time he became calmer and we were overjoyed when he turned to the Lord Jesus for comfort and salvation.

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The change in the man has been so great that he is still the marvel of Hwaiching F'u. Of what he used to be, let his own words tell the dark story. "I was well educated, and when my father died he left me with plenty of money, but I was a profligate. I was known everywhere for my daring in wickedness, I was licentious, an opium smoker, and the most expert gambler in the city. My friends inside and outside the city were very many, and they looked upon me as their leader. The leader of the rebels in South Honan was once my bosom friend."

While still in the hospital, one day he said to me, "Doctor, I have been a great sinner. No one ever served the devil more faithfully than I, and he's given me my wages. I will never see with my eyes again. And now as soon as I am strong enough I am going to stand in Hwaiching city before the Prefect's yamen, and I am going to say to the people:—"You all know me; you know how well I served my master the devil, and you know, too, the wages he has paid me. But now I am going to tell you of the Saviour who sought and found me, and what He has done for my soul." Of course we did not expect him to do anything of the kind, for to appear in public at all, without having had vengeance on his enemies, was more loss of "face" than a Chinaman could stand. But Li Chi Ching meant it, and since then most nobly has he redeemed his promise.

Of course we often hear of such conversions at home in Christian lands, where men noted for their wickedness become earnest Christian workers. But this was a Chinaman, and an idolater, a gambler,

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an opium smoker, and a lover of every kind of evil. The god he and his fathers had worshipped for over 300 years, he brought to me one day, saying, "My family and I will not need this any more." It was a large bronze idol of over 30 pounds, and is now in the possession of our Foreign Mission Secretary. (Chinese Christians who have idols in their homes, even paper ones, are put out of the church!)

But dark, dark days were ahead of Mr. Li, days the darkness of which we can never realize. His palsied mother reproached him bitterly for his unfilial conduct, because he refused to have vengeance on his enemies. His wife, a very high-spirited woman, told him she would rather see him the worst profligate in Hwaiching than a follower of the foreign devils. And worse than either of these and sadder too, this blinded, broken-hearted man with nothing but bitterness and reproaches in his home, with almost all his old friends turned against him, met with coldness and suspicion from those who bore the name of Christ, the very ones from whom he naturally expected sympathy and support. Though his year of probation was over, again and again he was refused baptism. One day, long afterwards, he said to me, "Those were terribly dark days for me. I felt I had only two real friends left and if they had failed me I would have given up everything and have gone swift to perdition."

As soon as he could, he began to do Christian work in the chapel; on the busy city street he preached to passers by. He preached, too, in his own home; it was not a very hopeful kind of place, but the strong faith

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and earnestness of the man were bound to prevail. One day some time after, I examined a group of people as to their knowledge of Gospel truth. I was very much surprised at their understanding and answers, for they were much better than we usually hear. They were the wife, the son and two daughters of Li Chi Ching, and the whole family was received into the church at one time.

Cultured and educated as he is, he is not above stooping down and helping the very lowest. Again and again I found that men with whom we could do nothing in the hospital, would somehow gravitate towards his place. He pitied them, exhorted them, was not discouraged when they failed, and by the grace of God they were redeemed. Among the students of this and surrounding cities he has become a power. Able to meet their objections as scholars, as none of our other evangelists are able to do, his kindly spirit and earnest manner are winning their way with this most difficult class.

His musical talent is by no means a small one. One Sabbath after the morning service, I heard some one playing very sweetly on a flute the air "There is a fountain filled with blood," which we had just been singing. If you have never heard Chinese music you will hardly understand why I could not at first believe that any of our Chinese people could be the player. It was Mr. Li, and you may guess it was not very long before we had him at the organ. After a few lessons he was able to play the airs of over forty hymns. The organ is now his, and one of the problems before us is how to prepare sheet music suited to





LI CHI CHING

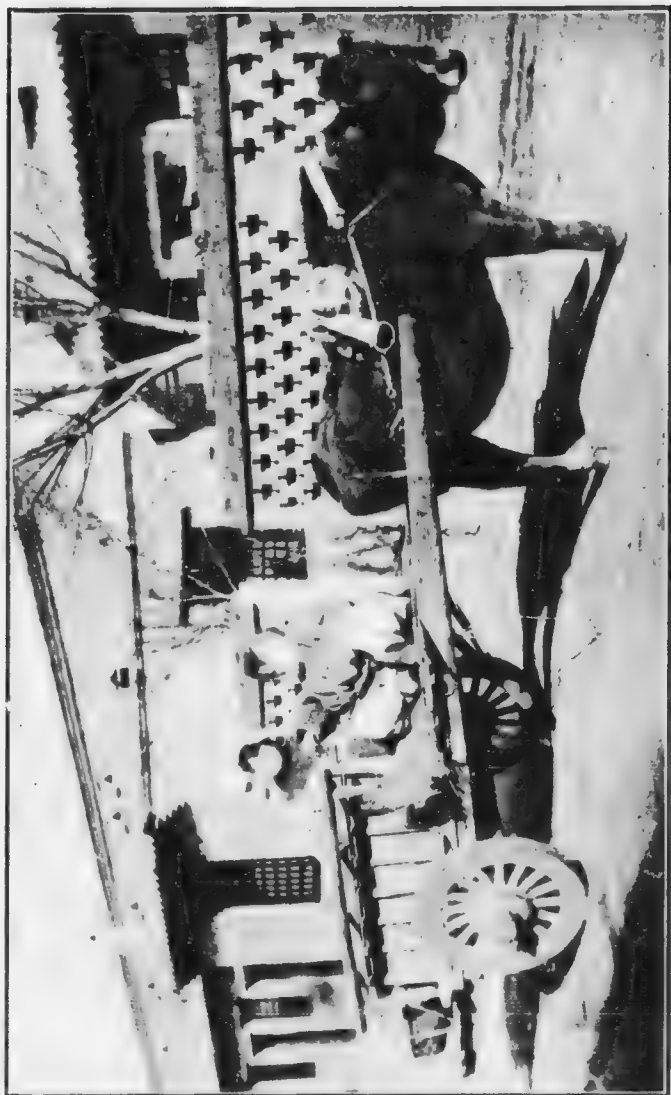
Reading from the Epistle to the Ephesians, printed in Braille type  
by himself

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the blind. We had hoped he might attend the Blind School at Pekin, and learn to read books for the blind, but as he could not leave his helpless mother, another plan was tried. I got for him the gospel by Mark in the Braille type, one of the few books for blind Chinese, and together we went at it. In a little while he had learned all the letters, and it was not very long before he could read the whole book. Through the kindness of a friend we secured a writing outfit, and now he is writing for himself the New Testament and parts of the Old. As you see him he is reading from the Epistle to the Ephesians, printed by himself.

But Chinese books for the blind are very few, and so in order to be able to avail himself of the much larger selection in English, this hungry student has begun to study English, and though so badly handicapped, he is making good progress. Each Sabbath he teaches the Bible Class, and it is a treat to sit and listen to him. There before the class stands the blind teacher without book or note of any kind, correcting every mistake made by the readers, and prompting when the next character is not familiar. The setting of the lesson, its place in the history of the nation, its relation to preceding lessons, contemporary prophets and the like, are first studied, then the lesson divided into its important heads, and lastly the practical lessons brought out point by point so clearly as to impress everyone.

Gifted with a strong voice and clear enunciation, as a preacher he stands easily first among our evangelists here. As you listen to him you are conscious of two things, first that the preacher has not learned



ONE KIND OF HOSPITAL AMBULANCE

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his sermon from books—he knows in his own soul what the message means, and secondly that he is after some one, he is trying to *grip* some one with his message.

His great heart of sympathy has always gone out to those who are suffering and neglected, and he has for some time been planning to open a school for blind children. There they will be taught to read, and to learn some kind of work by which they may support themselves, instead of begging for a living.

What do you think of the fruit? There was the man Li Chi Ching six years ago, a born leader of men, leading young men in every evil path. Here is the man Li Chi Ching, “born again,” an elder in the church, blinded, but still a leader of men, leading many to righteousness.



## OUR HOSPITAL EVANGELIST .

We were sitting at worship one evening in the “River God Temple” which was the only convenient place I could get to live in at that time. I was telling of the sufferings and death of Christ, and noticed big tears rolling down the cheeks of the man who acted as coolie and gateman. He was a Mohammedan, the son of a Mohammedan priest, and an opium user, so this sign of being affected by the gospel did not count for much, for I have often heard it said, “There’s no use in preaching to those gospel-hardened Mohammedans.” This, by way of introduction to our hospital evangelist, Bai Wan Sun.

Of the years that passed before he was appointed as evangelist there is not much one cares to write.

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except to say that, like Li Chi Ching, Mr. Bai had his Gethsemane to pass through. He knew well what it was to be despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. When we went home on furlough the hospital was closed. His eldest son, a bright boy from whom we expected much, was then in school. One day he was bitten by a mad dog and died from that dread disease hydrophobia. A little later his youngest son also sickened and died. He might have been saved, but the hospital was closed. We know what it means at such a time to have the comfort and support of Christian friends, but in the hour of his sorrow no one went to speak a word of comfort or of hope, and the burying of his dead was left to be done by more kindly Mohammedans.

His wife too for a long time was little help to him. She was very dirty in her habits and showed no interest in the gospel. Many a time I have heard her spoken of as being past all hope of reform.

Now let me put the matter in the form of a question. If, after you had united with the church, thus alienating almost all your relatives and friends, you were cast out of the church by the whispering, back-biting and slander of the members, ignored by your pastor even when death twice visited your home, your wife unsympathetic, and your home ill-kept, what would you have done? We dare not answer that question, but Mr. Bai had to answer it, and much more than I have written was done to break his heart. He has come through the furnace purified, and those who once despised him might well envy his success in winning souls.



THE HOSPITAL DOOR: WAITING FOR TREATMENT

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For months now he has been our faithful hospital evangelist. His wisdom and business ability are being more and more recognized. No words can tell, better than his own, the place he occupies here. At our conference last fall he said, "In Kansu province, where I have often travelled, there are wide stretches of wild land over which travellers must pass. The drifting sands obliterate the road, and people often get lost, so the government has here and there set up the very poorest kind of posts pointing the way. These sign-posts are so poor they are not worth stealing, and at night a rudely constructed lantern hung upon them directs the traveller.

"Now," said Mr. Bai, "that sign-post exactly represents me. I have very little learning, I have no eloquence, no talents at all, but God has shown me His grace in a wonderful way, and it is my great privilege to stand every day in the hospital and show the patients there the way to Eternal Life." But let the doctor put in a word here. Be the day hot or cold, be it early or late, the patients few or many, be they well dressed or in rags, every man is told of the way of salvation by this humble evangelist, faithful and true, and when there are no people in the chapel you will find him in the hospital wards teaching the patients there.

But what of his wife? That is too good to leave out. The believing husband has sanctified the wife; for many months she has been a Christian, and it is she who looks after the patients in the women's wards, keeping them clean and dressing their sores. Mrs. Bai, the slattern, is now our hospital nurse. Strong,



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earnest and hearty in her work, looking after the wards and the bedding, turning herself into an ambulance when the patient is not too heavy, helping in the dispensary and operating room, and teaching the patient between whiles, Mrs. Bai fills a large place in our women's hospital. Only last week a little slave girl, the property of an official's wife, who was here for treatment for tubercular disease of both elbows, suddenly disappeared. We had been trying to build up her strength so that she could stand an operation. The last day she was here we noticed that she cried a great deal. Two days later Mrs. Bai brought her to us, and introduced her as her adopted daughter. Then the story came out. Her owner got tired of her, and had sent her to one of the temples in the city where they quietly put such creatures out of the way, if they are not worth keeping for a worse purpose. Mrs. Bai had told her husband, and to save the little one they decided to adopt her as their own, though she may be a cripple all her life.



## **OLD CHOU, THE BLIND BEGGAR**

I thought I was finished with Mr. Bai, but the story won't break off here, there is a very strong link connecting him with Old Chou.

One day in the sixth moon, outside of dispensary hours an old blind man came begging to the chapel. Only Mr. Bai was there and he spoke kindly to the old man and told him of the One who, when on earth, was a friend to beggars. The beggar bemoaned his lot,

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without home or friends. He was told that the Lord Jesus is willing to be a constant friend, and willing to answer his prayers. "But I don't know how to pray to Him," said Chou, so Mr. Bai took him aside and taught him the simple prayer "Lord Jesus, save me and keep me, and take away my sins." The old man went away mumbling his prayer, not unlike a Buddhist monk perhaps; but still he prayed, and prayed to the One who hears.

He begged his way to a large fair thirty miles away and when he returned he came to church. He was so well dressed that some one said to him "Say, Chou, where did you get those fine clothes?" "Why, the Lord got them for me," said he. "You know, the last time I was here I learned to pray, and now I just ask the Lord for what I need and He sees that I get it! I asked Him to give me food, and I have never gone a day hungry; then as the weather is getting cold, I asked Him for clothes, and see what He has given me. And now there is just one other thing I am asking Him for, and that is a place where I may lie down at night and when the weather is bad." One day in going his rounds he came to Li Chi Ching's gate. Mr. Li, hearing there was a blind man at the gate, went out to talk to him, and old Chou told him his story. "Well," said Mr. Li, "we have a meeting for prayer here this afternoon; you may come and we will hear you pray."

But the old man was suspicious of Mr. Li and a little further down the street he was heard asking the people who that blind man was, "for," said he, "I am suspicious of him. He invited me into his place to

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a meeting, but I am afraid he only wants to go through my pocket." They assured him that the other blind man would in no way harm him. "So," said Mr. Li, as he told the story, "there we were, two blind chaps, each suspicious of the other, and trying to find out about the other." But old Chou turned up at the prayer meeting and one of the results is, that from that day his third petition has been answered, for Mr. Li has given him a place to sleep, with breakfast, and more than that if the weather is bad.

No one is more regular in attendance at church, morning and afternoon, than this old man, and he always tries to remember at least the Golden Text.

But you say, what does an old blind beggar count? If he is a Christian, why doesn't he give up begging? Let me tell you, old Chou does count and counts for a good deal too. How can an old blind man support himself in a land where people with their eyes are starving? No, old Chou is a beggar and is proud of it. Like Paul, he magnifies his office. He is now a child of the King and he knows it. Beggars as a class are universally hated, but no one now hates old Chou. Many people are glad to see him and hear him too, for he has constituted himself the Apostle to the beggars in Hwaiching, a class so tough that no one is likely to try to rob him of his office.

As he goes about he sells tracts and preaches to the people. Even the little children love to get cash from their parents for the kind old beggar, just to hear his blessing. A short time ago a merchant in the city was received into the church, having been led to the Saviour by this same



OLD CHOU AND LI CHI CHING

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old Chou the beggar preacher, and I am told that many people in the city are being led by him in the same way. Magnify his office, does he? He says, "I am the first beggar in Hwaiching city. Those other poor folk are all working alone. The Lord is with me and He sees that I get all I need," and often he begs, not for himself, but for some other unfortunate one, for in these days of dear food, many people have nothing to give.

One of our record contributions last year was 1000 cash from Old Chou for the Christian Endeavor Society, which would mean about \$100 from you, or about \$30 from me! Old Chou is assured of one meal a day from Mr. Li and when the weather is bad he need not go out at all. Where is the beggar who would not make the most out of the weather and such a chance as that? Not so this man. The weather must be very bad when he will accept a second meal from his benefactor, it touches his honor. Now we have almost done with old Chou for this time, but there is another link here.



## THE BURNT BOY

One day last winter a young lad was brought to the hospital by old Chou. His story was this. His mother had died, and his father and other relatives abused him; so he ran away from his home in Kai-feng Fu and came here to find work. He took sick, and being without a single friend in the city, he had

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to beg for a living. One night as he lay in his rags huddled near an open fire, his clothing took fire and he was very badly burned. For eight days he lay at the city gate in the cold, kept alive by what food the passers-by gave him. Then old Chou found him and brought him to the hospital here. By this time his condition was desperate.

After a long time we managed to clean him up enough to tell what was living human flesh and what was something else, and we found that his whole body was burned, in some places very deeply. His left arm was the worst. The elbow joint was ruined, and all the bones above and below were charred. He was too weak for operation then, but later on we prepared to amputate the arm. He pleaded strongly for us to save as much of the arm as we could, (he was afraid to go home to his father with only one arm), so we decided to remove only the injured bones, but healing was very slow. Now, however, he is healed and well, and the arm, though very much crippled, is worth a good many amputated arms. He will leave us in a few days to go to his home in Kaifeng, and he goes home a Christian.



## **LU THE BAKER**

One summer afternoon the hospital clinic at Changte was over, and the doctor, hot and tired, had left the dispensary, to spend a little while in his garden, seeking to forget, among the flowers, the smells

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and sights of the afternoon's work. But in some strange way, without any reason, his steps turned in the opposite direction, and he passed through the hospital and school yards to the outer gate. The hot and dusty street was deserted, and as he stood wondering what had brought him there, he noticed, at some distance from the hospital, a bed with some one lying upon it. On going up to it he found it to be a man evidently very ill, the bearers who were carrying him from his place of business in the west to his home, to die, having stopped a few minutes to rest. He was unable to move hand or foot, and was suffering great pain. We invited them to carry him into the hospital, but at first they were suspicious, and unwilling. At length they consented, and brought him in, but soon after left him, that we might have the pleasure of burying him as well. For some days it looked as though we had made a poor bargain, but still somehow he was not ready for burying. He was suffering from blood-poisoning, and abscess after abscess was opened on his poor body, till opening and draining of abscesses became a sort of routine treatment. He was a heavy opium user, too, and giving up the drug was very hard on him.

Gradually, however, he began to improve, and then he told us his story. He was a baker, doing business in the west (and incidentally, for his own amusement and the amusement of his friends, also a juggler), and had led a wild and reckless life.

After a time he was willing to listen to the gospel, and it affected him strangely. Unlike most Chinese converts, his sense of condemnation was very great.





LU YUNG KWAN, THE BAKER

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He saw himself a sinner lost, without hope. He believed the blood of Christ could save most men, but as for himself, his sins were too black. After some weeks of despair he came to believe that there was salvation for the very vilest, and then his despair gave place to the greatest joy. As he lay for months in the hospital before he could stand alone, though suffering great pain, his joyfulness was marked by many of the patients who came and went, and they all wondered at it. Of his salvation he was certain, such peace constantly filled his mind, and he used to tell the people that the happiness in his heart was enough to keep a man warm in the winter time.

But he was very ignorant, and we began to teach him the Catechism. The first question "How many Gods are there?" puzzled him; he couldn't tell how many there were, but next day as we entered the ward he called out, "Doctor, I can tell you to-day how many Gods there are, there are just sixty-one." He had learned the name of God and then counted the number of times that name appeared in the whole catechism. Poor Lu Yung Kwan, could he ever be taught anything? Painfully, Oh, so painfully he struggled through the simplest Catechism, learning a few characters every day and getting his theology terribly mixed at times. But he struggled on, and was always ready to tell the people about his conversion.

I do not remember how many months he was with us, or how many hundred yards of dressing we used on him, but I remember how glad we all were when he was able to stand alone. After some time he went to his own home, but alas for him, all his friends, though

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glad to know he had not been buried (now that he was likely to be able to work again), were very angry with him for becoming a Christian. When he returned to his place of business in the west, the people there were just as bitter against him when they heard he was a Christian. There was not another Christian in the place, and he could easily have kept quiet so as not to prejudice the people against him, but Lu was not that kind. From time to time we saw him, and each time he came he brought an offering of cash to help us treat some other poor fellow as we had treated him.

Business was poor, for the people boycotted his shop, they spread evil reports about him, they refused to let him use water from the village well; but Lu worked on and sold what bread he could, and when he could not get any one to listen to him outside, he would gather one or two into his own home and preach to them there. One day he told us his wife had become a Christian. When a man's religion saves his wife, you may look for something to happen.

Soon after, we left that station, and did not for some years see Mr. Lu again. But after a time, we were told that results were being seen, and the missionary in charge of that field reported that there were at least sixty men in the district who were now Christians, led to Christ by the baker Lu Yung Kwan. Not a cent did he receive for preaching,—but this poor baker worked hard to make a living, and as he sold his bread, he told the men he met in his shop and the men he met on the street of the wonderful love of God.

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The company of believers has grown, and a couple of years ago, when the church in that village was organized, the man they elected as their representative elder was Lu Yung Kwan the baker, and we all felt their choice was wise. And now to go back again to that first summer afternoon. What was it led the doctor without any reason at all to go out to the hot and dusty street? Some would say, it was an accident, some, it just happened that way; but I think in the olden time they would have said, "The Spirit of the Lord led him."



### **CHEN TAI TAI**

One of the very first women at Hwaiching to show an interest in the gospel was Mrs. Chao, a sewing woman. That was seven years ago, and Mrs. Chao was only recently recorded as a catechumen, and has not yet been baptized.

One day Mrs. Chao asked me to go into the city to try to save the life of a young official's wife. "I will gladly go," I said, "but it will be of no use, as they will not allow me even to see the patient." She answered, "If you will go, I will see that you are allowed to see her, and will not be interfered with." So I went. I found the young woman, already eight days in labor with her first child, and you can imagine, or you can try to imagine, after eight days' treatment by Chinese midwives, what condition she was in. After very great difficulty the dead child was delivered, and the mother was given one chance in a

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hundred to live. In God's goodness she recovered. She and her husband, who seemed very nice people, were of course very grateful, and now have a young family growing up, but they have never shown any interest in the gospel and do not come near us. This is all very disappointing.

At the opposite side of the city lived an official's widow of the same name, who, when she heard of the wonderful cure wrought by the foreign doctor, (and a man at that, for never before in Hwaiching Fu had a man doctor attended such a case as that), went post haste to see the patient. What she heard there made her wish to see the terrible foreigners for herself, so she called on us in our home, and thus we met Chen Tai Tai. That day she heard the gospel and from the first became interested. Soon the idols in her home were put away, but there were harder things to do than that. She had a very large circle of friends among the officials of the city, by far the hardest class to reach with the gospel. Like the rest, she had been fond of gambling, usually for a small stake, and had a violent temper.

Soon a change was felt. As she came to see us, she often brought friends with her that they too might see the foreigners and hear the gospel. In this way a large number of the ladies in the city have become interested in the Truth. Again and again we hear from unexpected sources the remark, "A great many of the ladies in the city are studying this gospel, but they are not courageous enough to openly profess it." Her own son is an expectant official, and she feared that for her to become a member of the church would

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entirely spoil his chances of securing office. She had, too, to stand a great deal of ridicule from her late friends, as she felt that many of their amusements, and many customs of long standing, must be given up.

One old lady in particular, a Mrs. Chang, looked upon as a leader in society, used to make it very uncomfortable for Mrs. Chen, and to hold her up to ridicule before others as a follower of the foreigners. Some years passed, and Mrs. Chen, though making her influence as a Christian very much felt in the city, could not bring herself to a public profession of her faith; not that she feared for herself, but because she feared it would spoil the prospects of her son. She had often spoken of Li Chi Ching; she had known and had nursed him when an infant, and had felt very keenly the wickedness of his early life. Li Wen Kwang, too, our teacher, she had known, so we arranged a meeting in our home, and for the first time in twenty years the three friends met again, but not as they had ever met before, for now they met as Christians.

It was a very happy meeting, and very soon the conversation turned to spiritual things. Mr. Li, the teacher, had recently been baptized, and he asked Mrs. Chen if she had yet united with the church. She colored and said, "No, I have not the courage to do it. I want to be baptized, for I know I will never be happy till I am, but I dare not do it publicly, for everyone will then know it. I do not fear in the least for myself, it is for my son and his career I am afraid." Mr. Li, perfect gentleman as he is, said, "Oh, I am sure there is some way for you to receive

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baptism other than publicly in the church; I am sure the pastor will be willing to baptize you in your home or some other place, when it means so much to you," and he appealed to me to know if it could not so be done.

While the older Li was speaking, Li Chi Ching sat listening, with a queer expression on his face; then he turned to Mrs. Chen and said quietly, "Yes, I daresay there is such a way. I daresay the pastor would be willing to baptize you in your home, but do you think you would be satisfied with that? When the Lord Jesus suffered for us, it was not in a private place; when He was put to shame for us, it was before the world and in the most public place, and in the most shameful manner. After what He has done for you do you think your heart would be at peace if you professed your faith in Him only among your friends, and not before the world?" Then the friends parted.

Not long after that Mrs. Chen publicly professed her faith in Christ and was recorded as a catechumen, and her heart has been filled with peace ever since. But what of Mrs. Chang? The proud, imperious spirit is mellowing. She often comes to church herself, with Mrs. Chen, and only a few days ago she said, "Mrs. Chen is very happy since she has become a Christian; if Christ's unity will do as much for me as it has done for her, I would like to be a Christian too. I would like to be one now, but I am sure my son will not allow it." And so the leaven is spreading.

Of the many ladies whom Mrs. Chen has brought here, one who is also interested in the gospel, is the wife of the superintendent of schools. She is a Jewess





A BEAUTIFUL FIELD OF POPPIES

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from Kaifeng Fu, a member of that colony of Jews that for centuries worshipped the God of Israel in the heart of this heathen land. Now for years the synagogue has been broken up, and their worship is a thing of the past.



## A PEEP INTO SOME OF THE WARDS

### THE EYE WARD

But for the fact that they are in the face and one on each side of the nose, you would hardly be sure that some of these objects are eyes. Through some of them the light of heaven has never passed, the ignorance and filthiness of the midwife destroyed them at birth. Some are cataract cases, blind for years; they have been operated on and will have fairly good sight. But by far the most of those you see with bandaged eyes are suffering from in-turned eyelids. For many years, in some cases, the in-turned lashes have been constantly brushing against the eyeballs, causing inflammation and continual pain. Fair sight will result in many cases, and even fair sight in China is a tremendous boon to the poor.



### THE OPIUM WARD

Usually full to overflowing, it will be more than ever so as opium becomes dearer. These poor fellows come to us to break off the habit that has enslaved



A HOSPITAL AMBULANCE FOR CHINESE BABIES

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them. Some have smoked for thirty years or more, some have only recently begun, but early or late, the ensnaring silken skein has become fetters of steel. When they first give up the drug, they suffer greatly from aches, pains, sleeplessness, coughs and other troubles, and I am told that a great many poor victims of the habit are dying in their homes, as opium is now so dear they can no longer buy it, and when it is given up they collapse—one of the evil results of stopping an evil traffic. The man who first gave the name “Opium Fiend” was surely a heartless man or a thoughtless one.



## THE SURGICAL WARD

If your nose is very sensitive you had better just peep in, and perhaps you had better not even peep in, for there are sad sights in here, and the air is not too sweet. Why don't you ventilate the wards? We do, but they won't stay that way. People cannot, even in the hospital, carry about with them those great tumors, or those foul abscesses, without making others conscious of their presence, and necrosed bones and gangrenous limbs not only mean constant pain and fever, destroying rest and comfort, but constant annoyance as well from the foul odors that cannot be got rid of. The missionary whose work is in and about the hospital, needs in a special way to have consecrated senses, lest his nose or his eyes be offended and his work be made useless.

Do you think the poor lepers, the lame, the

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crippled, the blind that were brought in such multitudes to our Lord for healing were all clean and sweet? Surely not; yet dust-covered and filthy as many of them were, he healed them all, and His healing was not always done in the open air, where He could get to windward of the patient. Sometimes one almost envies his brethren at home the conditions in which they work, in hospitals immaculate, with every comfort, and luxuries not a few, and yet—I do not know. If our Lord were on earth again, a Man among suffering men, I am not sure that He would spend His time in our palatial hospitals at home, however He might commend the spirit of those who built them and of those who work in them. I think He would likely be found away in some Eastern land, among the most neglected, and those who suffer most. At least that is the lesson I think He taught me one day in a way I am not likely to forget.

We were working away with another poor lad who was so badly burned he could not live. His stupid father had left him lying for over a week before bringing him to the hospital, and there lay the moaning mass of living human flesh covered in parts with scorched clothing and scorched and decaying flesh, hopelessly matted together. Chinese assistants could not stand the work and for a moment I felt I must give it up. What was the use? The boy could never recover anyway, better send him away. It was only for a moment, for I heard a voice speaking to me (I am sure it was His own voice), "Remember you are doing this for Jesus Christ." It was easier after that, and while the boy lived, we made him as

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comfortable as we could, and the care we gave him day by day, instead of being something to be dreaded, became a means of grace.



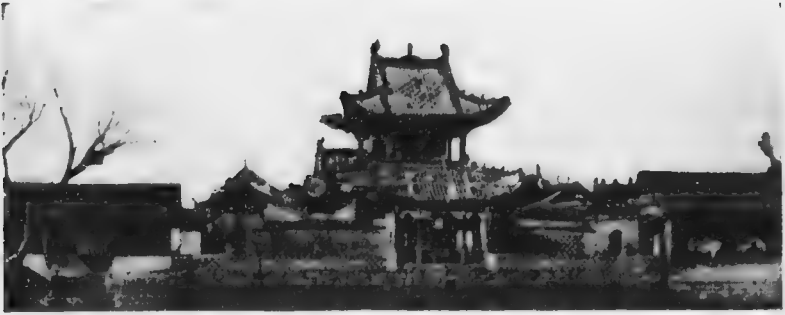
## **MALARIA PATIENTS**

As much of the land is irrigated, and the country abounds in ponds of stagnant water, malaria is very prevalent. Within the city walls are a score or more of such ponds, some of them containing many acres. Why don't you drain the land? you may ask. Well, this is China, and so many things are upside down. Here, as in many other districts, the water runs down from the river to the lands, not from the land down to the river, and up-hill drainage is expensive.



## **FAITH**

Before you leave the hospital you must see our little friend Faith. She was baptized lately, and as she could not, without pain, sit in a chair or a pew for any length of time, she was baptized lying on the bed in the hospital ward, and there she received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. To-day I took her photo, and I am afraid her face still shows signs of the pain we caused in moving her out into proper light for the photo. I have long wanted to tell you about little Hsin or Faith, but I wanted you to see her face as well. She is a small, crippled Chinese girl, not worth a dollar. At least, a man bought her not long



A TEMPLE WITH MALARIAL POOL IN FRONT OF IT



ANOTHER OF OUR HOSPITAL AMBULANCES

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ago for a dollar and then went back on his bargain. Her mother, disappointed over losing that dollar, or rather, disappointed at not being able to get rid of her daughter, treated her very harshly, trying by main force to straighten out the crooked joints.

Crippled with rheumatism, her hip and knee joints have all grown so solid I fear she will never be able to walk again. Often suffering great pain, she lies, or rather leans, against a hard pillow on her bed day after day, for she can neither stand nor sit nor lie down as a well person can. She was brought to us some three years ago, in the hope that we could straighten out her crooked limbs, but the best we have been able to do so far for her poor body has been to ease her suffering, and to improve her general health.

For a time there was in the hospital another girl named Chi Niu, whose eyes were almost blind, and these two became warm friends. Chi Niu could not see to read, but she had willing feet, and so these two got along together with one pair of eyes and one pair of feet. Chi Niu was to have been baptized with Hsin, but alas, since she was here they have married her to a half-idiot heathen. In her new home she has often been cruelly beaten for being a Christian, and worse treatment was threatened if she dared to be baptized. While together in the hospital both these girls studied very hard and soon learned to read a good deal of the gospel; at least, one could read, and both could repeat what they had studied.

Little Faith is quite a good seamstress and by making shoes and drawn-work, was able to





LITTLE FAITH

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support herself while in the hospital. At the Chinese New Year she went home for a month and took with her enough sewing to keep her busy. But when she returned after more than a month, her work was still undone. It was not like her to be slow or lazy, and we soon found out the reason of it. When she went home the girls of her village came to see her, and asked her to tell them all about the foreign hospital. Like almost every other Chinese, they had the idea that we chopped up the bodies and gouged out the eyes of patients to make the wonderful medicine with which we are able to cure disease. Hsin told them all about the hospital work and about the gospel. She showed them also how well she could read, so they begged her to teach them to read. The women came too, and men besides, to hear the Truth from this little crippled girl, and so among them all Faith's time was pretty well taken up.

Some time after this a missionary, touring in this part of his field, where he had not always been very kindly received, was surprised, when nearing a village, to see quite a number of strangers come out to welcome him to their village. They listened eagerly to his preaching, and provided him with a large room to use as a chapel during his stay. The way they listened during the day time and far on into the night made him feel it was the best time he had ever had in such a place in China. He could not understand the reason of such a reception, till he found out that he was near little Faith's home. The good report she had given of what she saw done at the Hospital.

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and her testimony for Jesus Christ were the means of making so many people friendly. There is now a growing congregation in that district, and we hope ere long to see them provided with their own church, erected by themselves.

Poor crippled little Faith, not worth a dollar! There are thousands of people with big bank accounts who will never do as much good in the world as this little girl, even if her life should be short. And in the land where the crippled and lame walk straight, where the balance is just and the weights are true, where they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars, it may be that her crown will be brighter than either yours or mine.

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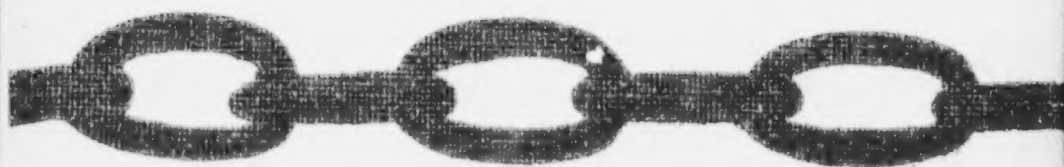
- 4 **China Library,** 3 volumes for \$3.00 (carriage extra). **Changing Chinese,** by E. A. Ross. **The Education of Women in China,** by Burton. **The Chinese Revolution,** by Arthur J. Brown.

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